



YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY.

You will never be sorry at all, my boy,
For living a life that's right;
For doing your level best, my boy,
In the cause of truth and right.
For keeping your faith in humanity,
And your heart in touch with the poor;
And for always looking before you leap,
'Tis the best way, I am sure.

You will never be sorry you stopped to
hear,
For judging the case in hand;
You will never be sorry you stopped to
think.

That you rightly might understand.
Beware of the rashly spoken word,
When your spirit is apt to fret;
For harsh words burn and never return,
And may cause you no small regret.

You will never be sorry you gave heart
to
To thoughts that were clean and pure;
You will never be sorry a tattling tongue
You never could quite endure.
That your love for your pastor was loyal
and true,
No matter what others might be;
That you held your principles as your
life,
Where others could plainly see.

You will never be sorry for stopping your
ears
When hawks of gossip were round;
For begging the pardon of those you
wronged.

When yourself in the wrong you found,
You will never be sorry for motives hard
That were brought to bear upon you;
That the code of good manners you
passed not by,
That you studied politeness, too.

You will never be sorry you bridled your
tongue
When anger within you was hot;
That you treated your enemy generously,
When luck seemed to fail to your lot.
For being square always in business
deals,
For sympathy with the oppressed;
For giving your aid to the under dog,
When aggressive were all the rest.

You will never be sorry for any of these,
You will find that my counsel is true:
'Tis the rule that you do to your fellow
man.

As you'd wish him to do to you,
You will never be sorry when life fades
away,
And the darkness of death draws near,
That you made sure in time that your
soul was insured.

For eternity while you were here.
—E. H. Foss, in United Presbyterian.

The Iron Brigade

A STORY OF THE ARMY
OF THE POTOMAC

By GEN. CHARLES KING
Author of "Norman Holt," "The Colonel's
Daughter," "Fort Payne," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

But Benton had changed, said they, as a result of the first week of watching. He had grown silent and stern, if not sour. He seemed filled with restless, feverish energy, and no sooner was the main army back from Hooker's first essay as chief in command, than he sought and obtained permission to go scouting with a small force of cavalry among the by-roads and lanes of the down-stream counties. Released and ordered to resume duty with that military modification of the Scotch verdict, "Not guilty, but—don't do it again," Benton came to the front, burning with wrath at the foe at the rear—a foe personal, official and professional, whom he felt must be McKinnon. He was not allowed to know at the time, nor to see until long after, the extent of McKinnon's intrigue against him or of its reaction on McKinnon himself. Only one officer witnessed the scene, a week after the Chiltons, father and daughter, had been returned to the southern lines, when Stanton demanded of the major that he prove his case or thereafter hold his peace. He had "foiled away a whole month," said the secretary, "filled it with vague charges and failed on specifications." They sent him away, ostensibly to straighten out the legal tangle in Kentucky, not yet blessed with the benefits of martial law; then, when McKinnon was beyond reach, sent for Benton. Of course he did not see the secretary. A placid, baa-lamb, soft-spoken staff officer had been told what to say. Benton's associations had been—ah—unfortunately compromising, and, while his conduct on duty had not been called into question, at a time of such public peril the department held that its officers should be—ah—above suspicion, or at least show a disposition to relieve themselves from blame, and Capt. Benton's—ah—refusal to surrender papers confessedly given him by a confederate officer had added much to the gravity of the case against him. "What case?" demanded Benton, fiercely. "Well, perhaps that was putting it rather—ah—strenuously," said the officer. "What is meant—" "Oh, damn it!" burst in Benton, most improperly, "what is meant is that you know I've been accused without rhyme and reason—that you dare not let me meet my accusers, and you won't give me fair hearing," and for this inappropriate outburst he declined to apologize. For another week, therefore, it looked as though, after all, he might get a trial; but it ended in his being ordered to quit Washington forthwith, and to report for duty.

In heart, in pride, in spirit he had been sorely hurt. In heart by Rosalie Chilton's astounding accusation and the impossibility of getting the faintest explanation. After her impetuous outburst she had whirled about and rushed to the waiting carriage, demanding of the astonished major that he take her at once to the boat and, even in captivity, it seems, her imperial highness was wont to be obeyed.

What a day was that first of July!

—warm, soft, sunbiny, the roads still puddly in places as from recent rains—no dust to choke the hurrying columns, no thick clay mud to clog the wheels or load the worn brogans.

Even before the earliest sunbeams came glinting through the eastward wood, Reynolds had called on his men; and they presently went tramping away northward between moist, smiling fields and orchards, heading for the distant towers of the quaint little Pennsylvania town. Somewhere up that charming valley their leaders knew John Buford to be, for he and his sun-tanned troopers had been thrown ahead to cover the advance and find the army of Lee, well known by this time to be concentrating to meet them.

Years and experience have taught the leaders of the Army of the Potomac something of the true use of cavalry, and there is no more of the blind groping of the old days. They know that Longstreet's whole corps is camping about Chambersburg, across the South Mountain range to the west. They know that Hill is between him and Cashtown, the first village of importance to the west of Gettysburg. They know that Ewell's foremost divisions have struck the line of the Susquehanna, only to be recalled to meet the spirited northward sweep of Meade's far-spreading corps. They know that these men of Reynolds lead the van of the main army, and will doubtless be the first to reach and back the cavalry when those searching horsemen find and tackle the foe. What they do not know is, that from west, north-west, north and northeast these converging columns are all headed for that same little Pennsylvania town, marching to concentrate on Gettysburg, and that this, the First corps of the Army of the Potomac, is destined within three hours to thrust square in between those swift-closing jaws, and compelled, as Buford says to his own men, to "fight like the devil" until the rest of the army can reach it in support.

In far better fettle and discipline is Lee's brave army than when it tried the conversion of Maryland ten months before. Only in two points is it less to be feared—Stonewall Jackson is dead and Stuart's cavalry is as good, or bad, as lost. For once in his life that brilliant and daring leader of horse is of no use to his commander. Through some error of judgment he has gone far to the east and has been cut off from communication. For once the Army of the Potomac has its eyes and its wits at the front when the eyes, at least, of the Army of Virginia are away to the rear. At breakfast time in Gettysburg, this morn of the first of July, Heth's division of A. P. Hill's corps of the Army of the South comes "bulging" ahead, without the accustomed screen of cavalry skirmishers, and is brought up standing by the challenge of Calef's light guns, planted squarely in the middle of the Cashtown pike, and the simultaneous uprising of squadron on squadron north and south of the road—Devlin's and Gamble's gallant brigades of famous John Buford's division—and there, like a bulldog Buford holds them two mortal hours, until Reynolds, with his foremost men, comes spurting up the eastward face of the brigade, joins Buford at the old Lutheran seminary, and notes that the main lines of Heth's division, north and south of the pike, are just forming for advance to the attack in force—all that preceded having been the work of strong skirmish lines—and now begins in grim earnest the greatest and most momentous battle of American history.

First to reach the field in support of Buford's hard-fighting horse is the First division of the First corps of the old Army of the Potomac, and the first brigade to come swarming up the slope is led by old graybeard Cutler, whom we saw at the head of the Sixth Wisconsin in its maiden battle on the Warrenton pike, while, following close at the heels of the foremost and, obedient to Reynolds' orders, breasting the height to the south of the seminary, stride the five battalions of the Iron Brigade, the biggest not quite 500, the others barely 300 strong. White-haired Wadsworth rides at the head of the little division. That's all there is of it—these two brigades, led by those two far western brigades, barring the batteries that ever go with them—but the blue-blooded old Gothamite in command swears he wouldn't swap it, small as it is, for the strongest division in the whole army—and he means it.

It is a sight never to be forgotten, that which greets their eyes as the Black Hats come popping up over the ridge. The westward forest is all alive with flashing bayonets aligned on the little red battle flags, the division of Heth in battle array, reaching almost from pike to pike, with one brigade thrown out "in the air" to the north, and pushing daringly forward to sweep the stubborn troopers, fighting dismounted, out of the way. It is barely quarter past ten, as Reynolds for the last time looks at his watch; bids Doubleday, who has galloped forward for orders, to "back" Wadsworth at the seminary and extend his line to the right; then, calling on Meredith, points to that forward grove at the brook side, "Seize it," he says, "before the rebels can reach it!" Then with the Sixth in reserve, with a full-lunged shout in its throat and fire in its eye, the old brigade breaks into a run, Fairchild with the Black Hats in the van—a 500-yard race for the goal—field, staff and commanders cheering them on, and Reynolds—noble Reynolds—spurting swift in the lead, riding down to his soldier fate.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FIGHT FOR THE GUNS.

Of Heth's division, we have said, are these at the front—fellows that never yet have happened to "sample" this western command—Heth's division, with the brigades of Archer and Davis

in the foremost line. The former has started his Tennesseeans down the slope, Alabama supporting, and is feeling his way to the front, for that wood looks ominous. Skirmishers say Gamble's dismounted troopers, who have held it two hours against their best shooting, are strengthened now by infantry, thrown forward by old Cutler's first line, which can be seen stretching out over the pike, relieving Devin's worn men, and letting them scurry back to their waiting horses. But Archer sees that in so doing, Cutler has thrust its right flank "into the air"—that Davis, with his Mississippi battalions, is sweeping upon and around it, and is already in turn far in advance of his own fellows; so, most eagerly, Archer orders forward, forward, and the gray lines leap at the word. Beautifully the battle opens for the cause of the south. Cutler's men, in their eagerness to relieve Buford's thinned and wearied defense, have rushed full 600 yards out into the open, and Davis catches them in flank with his yelling southerners; wheels his Mississippians to their right—Cutler barely having time to slip his skirmishers out of the clutch—then onward come the Johnnies, full tilt for the guns of Hall, unlimbered in place of Calef, on the Cashtown pike. Then two wonderful things happen and two new feathers go to the cap of the Iron Brigade.

It is Fred Benton's luck this day of days to be riding with Reynolds as the corps commander spurts to the front. Reynolds has borrowed him as an aide, and Benton, burning with joy and excitement, rides after him into the grove, just in time to see Archer's foremost line come gallantly sweeping down the opposite slope. "Hang on,



GETTYSBURG IS PRACTICALLY
LOST.

men! Keep up your fire! Meredith's right behind you!" shouts Reynolds, as he darts swiftly in among the trees. "Hang on, men!" goes the word from center to flank, but things look risky out there to the right where Cutler's ranks are drifting back. Then, 1,400 strong, the charging ranks of the Iron Brigade come on with a rush. The east edge of the wood is reached by the leaders on the right of the line, just as the southern force bursts through the battle smoke and into the brook; but even as these latter reach the wood, and Archer is cheering them forward, he is amazed to see his wing reeling back, and a blue-capped, blue-bodied human wave curving round the southward end of the straggling timber. Before he can issue an order or strengthen a single battalion, Fairchild and the Black Hats have burst through the sheltering grove in his front, and sprung like tigers on his halted and astonished line; while Badger, Hoosier and Wolverine, swinging round him from the south, complete the demolition of the brigade. He and half his force, 600 at least, are prisoners of war, while the rest are chased to the rear by Meredith's men. First facer for Heth as he glares from the opposite woods, where Pettigrew and Brockenbrough are aligned in support. For him, however, there is comfort to the north of the pike, for there has Davis swept the field and is bearing down on the union guns. Now is the time to support him, but Wadsworth is too quick. Archer disposed of; the Iron Brigade halted and reforming under Reynolds' own eyes, the general commanding turns to succor the right. He has seen the trouble in a single glance; has seen, too, the way out of it; and in another minute the Sixth Wisconsin is "double-quick" away over the fields to its right in support of the men from the City of Churches, now in sore need, for those lank Mississippians have swept forward into the long cut of the unfinished railway, and, flat on their bellies against the southward slope, are pouring their fire into Fowler's men.

A fatally good place is a railway cut to shelter a line, when the foe stands fast and contents himself simply with shooting. A fatally bad place it is when the foe won't stand at bay, but comes charging full tilt in spite of the fire, and that, to the amazement of Davis, is just what these infamous Badgers are doing this day. With an onward rush no mere muzzle loaders can possibly check when firing "oblique," the Sixth comes sprinting, taking the Mississippians in turn square in the flank and almost in a twinkling, doubling up and driving together, huddled, helpless, sheep-like, one astonished battalion. Down go the red battle flags. Down go the rifles in answer to shouts of surrender. Some dozen, perhaps, bending double and ducking, manage to scurry off to the west. But Gen. Joe Davis has lost two of his colors and all but a few men of two misguided regiments; and here, too, has the Iron Brigade done more

than its full share. Wadsworth is almost weeping with joy at the sudden stem of the torrent and the magnificent stand of his little division, while Doubleday, seldom given to praise, is wringing that veteran's hand in hearty fashion. Doubleday's own men now are fast hurrying up in support of the First division and there is soldier triumph mingled with no little anxiety, as the war-tried leaders note through their glasses the long columns in gray stretching far back toward the horizon, all telling the coming of supporting thousands. A cavalry officer comes galloping in from the right, whither Devin's brigade has been sent to guard the flank of the line. "Where is Gen. Reynolds?" he asks. "Whole divisions are coming there to the north!" Where, indeed, is Gen. Reynolds? An aide-de-camp is spurting at swift trot through the maze of unlimbering batteries. His face is white, his lips are pale beneath the grimy mustache. He springs from his saddle and says: "Gen. Doubleday, you command, sir—Gen. Reynolds is dead."

And now, far out to the right and rear the boom of cannon grows incessant, and signal men are flagging desperately: "More men are needed! More men are needed!" Howard's corps, the Eleventh, is once more, at one o'clock, facing the very same veterans that swept it from the field at Chancellorsville, and that seem bent on doing the same thing here.

Then comes the crisis of the day for the men of the Iron Brigade. Nine field batteries are shelling the westward front of Seminary ridge. Nine brigades have been deployed "cross country" and are now, at three o'clock, bearing down to envelop the grim "stayers" of Doubleday. Here, about the McPherson wood where Reynolds fell, raging old Meredith and gallant Roy Stone hang desperately to their ground. But Roy Stone is soon terribly wounded. Wistar, who springs to his sword, is shot in the face. Meredith is crushed under his falling horse. Fairchild's arm is smashed at the elbow; and Stevens, his lieutenant colonel, is instantly killed; so Mansfield, the major, takes hold of the Black Hats. Morrow, heroic colonel of the Wolverines, with every one of his field and staff officers, sooner or later, is shot. One after another five Michigan sergeants are killed while keeping aloft the sacred colors. Hoosiers, too, and the Seventh Wisconsin are fearfully pelted. Chapman Biddle's brigade, on their left, is hurled back. Baxter is fairly swamped out to their right, and, farther still to the north, Ramseur, Rodes and O'Neal, with a triumphant host of yelling confederates, have doubled Robinson's desperately battling division, swept its fragments away; and, with despair in his heart, Howard realizes that the day is lost, that only by the fiercest fighting and the best of luck can he hope to save the remnant of Reynolds' left wing that all the morning held so grandly.

[To Be Continued.]

Uncle Silas' Fun.

Then it is that the Iron Brigade, still clinging to the McPherson wood, gets the word to fall back to its right rear, covering the Cashtown pike. There it is that they find their comrades of the Sixth Wisconsin, sternly facing the coming storm despite the fact that everything seems sweeping away beyond them; and Dawes, their acting colonel, pointing backward into the low ground, shows to the brigade commander's astonished gaze that even Gettysburg is practically lost, and through that town lies their line of retreat—the only way to save those precious guns.

Ten minutes later the bunco man was perspiring like a horse and grunting with every step.

"What in the world have you got in this bag?" he asked. "It weighs a ton."

"Meant that it should," returned Uncle Silas, tersely. "Loaded it with bricks a-purpose an' put my clean collar an' an extra pair o' socks in my coat pocket. Reckon you blinko-bunco men don't get hardly enough exercise to keep your health good."—Kansas City Independent.

Found in a Dream.

Stating that he is a rich man of good family, aged 28, who has traveled over Europe for six years in vain search for a wife, an advertiser in an Italian journal adds that in a dream he found what he sought in a mountain village. "She is tall and dark, with a small mouth and ears," he continues, "and her hands, though shapely, showed signs of hard work. She was dressed in white, and had a blue shawl over her shoulders. Will the girl described above write to P. P. S., care of this paper?"—N. Y. Tribune.

The Common Sort.

Down in the Old Dominion the people used to set much store by their pedigrees. An anecdote is told of the captain of a steamer plying at a ferry from Maryland to Virginia, who, being asked by a needy Virginian to give him a free passage across, inquired if the applicant belonged to one of the F. F. V. "No," answered the man, "I can't exactly say that; rather to one of the second families." "Jump on board," said the captain. "I never met one of your sort before."—N. Y. Tribune.

Ought to Have Been Warned.
He—If I had known how sarcastic you were I never would have married you.

She—You had an opportunity of noticing it. Didn't I say: "This is so sudden" when you proposed to me after a three years' courtship?—Stray Stories.

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